THE CHARITY CHECKER GAME, WITH PRETTY MAIDS AS LIVING CHECKERS.

LIVING CHECKERS.

Pretty Girls As Players For Sweet Charity.

OPERA HOUSE A CHECKERBOARD.

Interesting Idea Adapted From a Story of Life in India.

There is a story of the days of Clive in India, of a young English girl who was captured by the myrmidons of the Rajah of somewhere or other and carried off to his palace in the foothills of India. Her lover, an army officer in the English army, single and alone, found his way to the potentate's court and demanded her of her captor.

The Rajah admiring the bravery of the man made much of him, but refused the boon he asked. Finally finding the Englishman was an expert chess player he made a fiendish compact with him that they should play a game with living chessmen, the Rajah to furnish the pieces.

The terms of the game were simple. As either side lost a move the unfortunate pawn was to lose his life, the Rajah's executioner standing by to behead him instantly. Then if, at the end, the Englishman won he was to take the girl and both would be escorted back to the English possessions, safe and sound; if, however, he lost, he was to lose his life and the girl must enter the Rajah's harem. The Englishman consented; it was the best he could do.

The following day the courtyard of the palace was laid out in the form of a gigantic chessboard, and at a given signal the living chessmen took their places. To the Englishman's horror he saw that the white queen, the piece of his adversary, the Rajah, was his sweetheart! It was devilish ingenuity worthy of an Oriental.

However, the game went on. At one end sat the Rajah, moving the white pieces by messenger; at the other the young English officer was directing the blacks.

As the game progressed, pawns, knights, castles and bishops were sacrificed. As they were lost on the board their lives paid the forfeit. Then, with fiendish cunning the Rajah made a move that placed the white queen in peril. The agonized Englishman must capture the queen and sacrifice her or lose the game and his own life.

Fortunately, the gifted writer of the tale (whether true or false, we cannot say), inspired in this dreadful moment, made a brilliant coup and checkmated the cruel Rajah at the same time, saving the white Queen.

This strange and exciting story fell into the hands of some bright young people in Frostburg, Md., and it was determined that it was just the thing to enact for charitable purposes. Unfortunately, while some of the favored people in Frostburg understood chess, the majority of the townspeople did not. So they compromised on checkers. Everybody in Frostburg can play checkers. So the best player in the town was selected and a challenge was sent out to the neighboring cities to produce their best player for a game with living checkers.

The player selected for Frostburg was Mr. Hugh Spier, the local champion at checkers. Lonaconing, a town nearby, rejoiced in Mr. D. R. Sloan, hitherto undefeated at the game. On his behalf the citizens of Lonaconing took up the challenge, and last Thursday night the game took place in Moat's Opera House, Frostburg. The floor of the opera house had been painted to resemble a huge checkerboard, and twenty-four young ladies, twelve in black and twelve in red, took their respective places, and to a crowded house the game began.

With breathless interest the audience followed the brilliant play, for both Mr. Spier and Mr. Sloan were in fine fettle. As the players were jumped they retired from the board, and the lucky few that reached the king row were crowned with gilt tiaras.

The games were closely contested from 8 until 10. Three in all were played, Mr. Spier, with the red, winning the first, and Mr. Sloan, with the black, the second. The third and deciding game, after a half hour of excitement and suspense, ended in a draw. It was almost as interesting as its Indian counterpart with the living chessmen, although, of course, no fair young lives were sacrificed.

The tournament will be repeated in the near future, and all the young ladies of Frostburg have their hearts set upon being in the game, either as red or black pieces. They have no choice.

The Journal's picture was drawn from a diagram of the hall and photographs of the young women who were the living checkers.

CALIFORNIA ORANGES.

This Year's Crop to Yield About $5,000,000, Though the Industry Is Only in Its Youth.

Southern California is engaged now and will be until June 1 in picking, packing and shipping its orange crop. The yield of the golden fruit is estimated at 2,800,000 boxes, about two-thirds of a full yield.

The cash yield from this crop will reach $5,000,000. The orange industry in Southern California is but fifteen years old and a capital of $33,000,000 has been invested in it. There are now 10,000 acres in fruit-bearing groves, and 80,000 more acres are planted with young trees.

HE INVENTED THE INCUBATOR

W. G. Robinson's Genius Saved Many Babies.

NECESSITY STIRRED HIS BRAIN.

The Fever Regulator and Other Valuable Inventions the Creation of His Mind.

William G. Robinson, the inventor of the baby incubator, who was laid to rest in Greenwood Cemetery a few days ago, succeeded where generations of physicians had failed, but did not make a tithe of the money that most young doctors make before their thirtieth year.

If consumption had not marked him as its victim, Robinson, who was only twenty-seven, would more than likely have startled the world with something even more wonderful than the famous incubator. He might not have left a larger estate, but from the varied nature of the appliances invented by him it is fair to expect that his fame would have been greater. Besides the incubator, which has saved the lives of many prematurely born children and is destined to save the lives of many more, he invented a variety of appliances now considered indispensable by hospital physicians. Yet he died at Asheville, practically an unknown man, and certainly a very poor one. Like most of Robinson's inventions, the incubator was conceived as the result of pressing necessity. It was five years ago, and he and his wife then lived over his little tinshop at No. 315 East Twenty-sixth street. Among the other tenants of the house were a Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grevert, the latter of whom gave premature birth to a male infant. Dr. Morehead was called in and declared that the child could not survive. Meanwhile Mrs. Robinson, who had gone to her friend's assistance, unfolded the facts to her husband, who immediately declared that he could save the child, and at once descended to his workshop in the basement. After an hour's absence he returned with the now familiar incubator, crude in form, but still sufficiently perfected to preserve the vital forces concealed in little Joseph Grevert's tiny form. The child was confined in the strange contrivance, when he was pronounced sufficiently developed to be once more brought into the world.

Of course the reports of the case had aroused the deepest interest in medical circles, and physicians from all sections flocked to the scene of the experiment, only to be convinced that the new invention was not only practical in its features but necessary in their profession.

The second occupant of the incubator was a child upon whose survival a fortune of $1,500,000 depended. The father of the little one, Banker Clarence Haight, urged the physicians to exert every effort for the child's preservation. Here it was that Robinson's lack of business tact became strikingly apparent. When approached by the medical men Robinson promptly accepted an offer of $1 a day for his incubator, and the junior Haight's life was thus kept in his body. But the doctors put in a bill of $5 a day, hoping to net a neat little profit of 400 per cent from the now happy father. To this Mr. Haight naturally objected, and complications compelled Robinson to bring suit for $150, which was promptly awarded him.

Another instance of the inventor's disregard for business possibilities is to be found in another incident in his career which soon followed. In front of his shop Twenty-sixth street slopes up from the East River, forming a heavy grade which has long worried the drivers and horses of heavily laden trucks which have to use the thoroughfare. Whilie standing in his doorway one day, watching the efforts of a number of men to move a stalled truck, a brilliant idea entered Robinson's head. In a few minutes he emerged from the shop with a set of springs which were soon attached to the traces and connected with the whiffletree, and in a short time the load was on its way up the hill, no difficulty being experienced after the attachment of the new contrivance. To Robinson this was but an incident; to a spectator, however, it was the revelation of a source of wealth, and inside of a week he had secured a patent, and is now drawing large royalties from the uses of an improvement now to be found on almost every heavy truck or wagon.

Still another offspring of Robinson's fertile brain is the "fever regulator," now in general use in all the principal hospitals in the city. Its discovery was also characterized by the unique features of Robinson's other inventions. It appears that while visiting the New York Hospital one day the tinsmith noticed a woman constantly ascending a ladder in one of the wards and replenishing a bucket at the top, from which depended a long hose. This hose was wound around the body of a patient on an adjoining cot, in several coils, the water flowing through and reducing the patient's temperature and finding outlet in a vessel placed for its reception. This apparently unnecessary labor on the part of the attendant worried the inventor, and he immediately set to work to construct an automatic machine which would be practically a self-acting feeder. That in this he was eminently successful was proved by the general adoption of his contrivance. Although the new machine is used for two patients simultaneously, the plan is very simple. It consists of four perpendicular brass rods about ten feet in height, upon which are run two brass cylinders, two feet in length by three in circumference, balanced by an ingenious arrangement of weights and pulleys. To each of these is attached a hose, which, after encircling the body of the patient, connects with the other cylinder, so that as each is gradually emptied, its contents contribute to the replenishing of the other, and while one is at the top of its set of rods the other is at the bottom. The simple turn of a lever reverses these conditions, and the machine may thus be worked for an indefinite period.

Robinson's life was short, but his fame is endless. To the public his name will not be familiar, but to the medical profession Robinson's incubator will be known just so long as there are babies to seek its aid.

CATS ARE HIS HOBBY.

"Hughie" Leonard Has Sixty Feline Pets of All Sizes.

KEEPS 'EM IN HIS SHANTY.

They All Have Names and Flock Around Him When He Gives the Signal.

There is a man in New York whose hobby is keeping cats. He lives quite alone, except for his remarkable household, which consists of sixty feline pets. The home of this family is at the foot of East Eighty-sixth street, facing the river. The cat farmer has been raising these curious pets for many years, and is very proud of them.

"Hughie" Leonard and his cats are known to every resident in the neighborhood of Bellevue. Leonard's affection for cats is not looked upon as a sign of weakness. He has given too many indications of another side of his character. In the score of years he has worked in the neighborhood of the East River he has probably saved considerably more than a score of lives, and more than once has shown an ability to hold his own as a watchman in conflict with the members of the "Gashouse Gang." He is a picturesque character in a quarter that has few picturesque features.

When a Journal reporter called on "Hughie" he was standing in a shanty in ex-Alderman Duffy's coal yard, at the foot of East Twenty-sixth street, and promptly confessed ownership to nearly two score of the feline race. A magnificent gray was curled up by the stove at his feet.

"Where are the rest?" he was asked.

For answer, Leonard pursed his lips and whistled: "To-wheet-wheet wheet!"

It was what the gallery gods call a "cat-call," and the cats answered. Every hole and corner of the shanty produced a cat, and three or four crept from under the bed. Leonard whistled again. There was a scratching and flapping near the door. Through a hole in the wall an old Tom squeezed himself, followed by a youthful admirer, in buff and white.

"That's the door I built for them," explained Leonard. "When they want to go out of this place they have to lift it and it swings in with them. Here comes John L., the big lubber." The big fellow arched his back and rubbed his fur against Leonard's trousers, while half a dozen others mewed enviously. The cat's owner caressed John L. with the toe of his boot, and talked about his hobby.

"Names for them?" he said, in answer to a query, "Well, I should guess. See Baldy over there with the white head, and it wont take you long to pick out Nigger, the black 'un. That's Mickey, the thief. See him skulking around, like a wharf-rat after a basket of coal? He's a cute one, he is. Nothing ain't safe from him. I call that yellow gal over there Mollie, on account of a girl I knew once with hair a dead ringer for that. It was Gussie that came in along with John L. Augusta is the way she ought to be called. Oh, yes, John's an old one, but he's pretty much of a favorite for all that. I'm sorry I can't show you all. You want to come around some morning early, when they get their breakfast. They had a couple of hearts this morning—beef's hearts, you know. I just cut 'em up small and chuck 'em to 'em. Whistle? No need to whistle then. I guess they all know when breakfast time comes. It's the only meal they get from me. What with rats about the docks and other things they don't starve, but they all like breakfast regular. I don't pay no milk bill for them.

"I don't have much trouble in finding names for them. When the litters come I keep the best-looking and use up any name that comes handy. I've got lots of 'em called after well-known people, but I don't care much for that, 'cause they're always droppin' out of fashion. There's Trilby. You don't hear anything about her now. It's all German fellows and the X rays. But I've got a Trilby running round this coal yard, and I suppose the name's got to stick to her.

"Get sick? Yes, they get sick, distemper mostly, and I've got to cure them; though it's not often they get over it when they get it at all bad. I can doctor cats pretty well. There's one thing about my cats. In daytime they're quiet and well-behaved, but at night they're devils. Turn a dog loose in that yard at night and you'll find his bones there next morning. Why, there are some of 'em that'll go for a dog as they will for a rat.

"How did I come to get so many cats? Well, it was this way: Fourteen or fifteen years ago I took a job in this coal yard as night watchman. I found Minnie here and was glad to have her for company. Then Minnie had a family, and I kept it, too. I made that little door for the cats, taught them to go in and out, and fed them regular. I guess it was the feeding that brought so many around. But they never got too many for me. So long as I could spare 15 or 20 cents a day to feed them, I was always glad to see them. I gave every one a name and taught the cleverest cats tricks. I can take Baldy there and tie him in a knot, and he'll stay tied for an hour. Lots of them can jump like trick dogs. Some of them I can put to sleep by pressing on their jugular vein and turning them round once or twice. They'll stay asleep for two or three hours, and then wake up and walk around as if nothing had happened.

"I don't see so much of the cats as I used to," said Leonard, with something like a sigh. "Some months ago I went to work for an undertaker up the street. It's a pleasant job, especially these cold days, but I can't keep a cat there, and I feel lonely."

A LIFE FOR A MATCH.

Factory Fumes Pregnanted with Fatal Diseases.

WORKMEN SUFFER PROLONGED TORTURE.

The Ailment Which Afflicts Them Makes It Necessary to Scratch Their Bones.

It frequently happens that the fumes inhaled by workmen in match factories destroy life within a few months. A man once attacked by the disease lurking in these factories must abandon hope of recovery. Although matches are apparently very simple little affairs, their manufacture necessitates a large and complex manufacturing plant. The little sticks undergo a long treatment, and must pass through many hands before they are capable of striking a light.

The apparently harmless sulphur tips are in reality a deadly poison, and the fumes arising from this mixture when in course of preparation cause terrible suffering and ultimate death. Although called sulphur matches, the little sticks are in reality tipped with a complex mixture composed of glue, chlorate of potash, phosphorous and whiting—a combination frequently used for suicidal purposes.

The poisonous fumes first attack the teeth, which have begun to decay. Although all sorts of devices are employed to keep them from getting in the mouth, they generally manage to do so. If all the teeth are perfectly sound, the fumes soon start the decay. As soon as this action has commenced, the decayed part spreads rapidly toward the jaws. All the teeth are affected in a short time, and the disease, when it has once taken root in this way, can never be driven out.

The effect of this action is to rapidly loosen every tooth in the sufferer's head, so that they will fall out of their own accord. Before this happens, however, the portion has spread to the jaw and taken a firm grip upon it. The pain which the victim suffers in the meanwhile is exceedingly sharp. The course of the disease never varies. Having once reached the jaw bone, it soon covers it, and the bone becomes in this way actually coated with a deposit of sulphur.

The only possible way to give the victim any relief is to scrape the bone. This heroic measures has been tried several times in New York city, with more or less success. The operation is exceedingly painful.